NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 31, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Springhead to Springhead

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

To the Aid of the Party

FINIS FARR

Mr. Nixon's Bitter Harvest

JAMES BURNHAM

Articles and Reviews by · · · · DAVID McCORD WRIGHT
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · PETER MINOT · E. MERRILL ROOT
JANE BUCKLEY SMITH · ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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For the Record

"Nixon defeated Stassen in Caracas a week ago" is the way one GOP leader in Pennsylvania summed up Stassen's surprisingly poor showing in the state's primary last week. . . . The Modern Republicans are desperate now, after the defeat of Shanley in New Jersey and Stassen in Pennsylvania. If it becomes clear that Nelson Rockefeller can't win the GOP gubernatorial nomination in New York, Sen. Javits will be urged to make a bid for control of the big N.Y. delegation to the 1960 Convention. . . . New York publishers are increasingly irritated that neither the Senate nor the State Department seems interested in the industry's experiences and recommendations in troubled areas where USIA libraries are targets of anti-U.S. rioting.

Remember the Soviet soldiers -- veterans of the famous meeting of USSR and U.S. armies at the Elbe in World War Two — who had a reunion with American "buddies" in this country recently? Washington reports have it that at least two of the Soviet buddies were MVD men, and not army vets. The experience is said to have angered the President, and to be jeopardizing certain phases of the Soviet-American cultural exchange program.

The National Science Foundation estimates that in 1956 private industry spent 75 per cent more on research than in 1953 (half of which was financed by the federal government). Despite a wide disparity of opinion about the sales outlook, executives at the American Management Association meeting in New York disclose that their companies will spend even more this year on research — and promotion. . . . British diplomats are increasingly uneasy about Burma, where a major rift in the ruling party offers the Communists an opportunity to step into the "balance of power." . . . Word is out in Jerusalem that Premier David Ben-Gurion is ready to crush Israel's Communist Party and to prosecute the Reds on subversion charges. First step will be to strip Communist members of the Parliament of their present immunity.

Coincidental Intelligence: right after he pleaded "not guilty" to three counts of tax evasion, Rep. Adam Powell said to the press: "I received a letter yesterday from Cyrus Eaton, telling me he was 'with me all the way, in every way' and that we must 'get rid of our Gestapo-type Government.' "

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Maureen L. Buckley — Priscilla L. Buckley
Jonathan Mitchell — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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The WEEK

● Cyrus Eaton has been summoned—as of course he should be—to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee concerning his recent denunciation of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI as Gestapo-like; and New York's Liberal newspapers just can't *stand* it. "A brazen challenge to basic American liberties," cries the *New York Post;* "an assault on freedom of speech"; the issue at stake is whether "public criticism of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover is to be considered evidence of treason." Cool down, say we to the *Post;* nobody has said anything about treason. The Committee, far from threatening Mr. Eaton's freedom of speech, will merely give it wider scope and him a greater audience. And there is surely something to be said for the view that Congress, through one of its committees, should look into any widely-circulated charge that a federal agency is incompetent, overpowerful, and overzealous. Or isn't there? It isn't as though everyone *automatically* dismisses Eaton as a fool. Certainly not those whose information about the world we live in comes from such papers as the *New York Post.*

● Liberal Democratic Senator Clinton P. Anderson, senior Senate representative on the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, is mounting to new levels of reckless fury in the struggle to block reappointment of Admiral Lewis Strauss as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. During a recent TV interview, Senator Anderson accused Mr. Strauss and the Pentagon of deliberately making bombs "dirtier" (*i.e.*, more dangerous in radioactive fallout) than necessary. When Mr. Strauss made the moderate suggestion that in the international agitation against nuclear tests "there is a kernel of very intelligent, deliberate propaganda," Senator Anderson foamed from the Senate floor: "Thus he seeks to become the modern apostle of McCarthyism." If Moscow is given the appeasement offering of Admiral Strauss' retirement on June 30, Senator Anderson—whose intervention blocked a senatorial inquiry into fellow-traveler Linus Pauling's nuclear behavior—should receive a goodly share of the credit.

● The proposal to require that manufacturers' price listings be posted in a prominent place in all automobile salesrooms is meeting with much favorable comment among prospective car buyers. While we can understand and sympathize with the clamor for such a law, we nevertheless oppose this particular type of congressional action to protect citizens against the consequences of gullibility. The hidden joker in requiring any official price "listing" is that it helps foster drives to compel "fair trade" laws which end in price fixing. "Fair trade" compulsorily administered is a much greater menace to the customer than all the "price packing" devices ever dreamed up. A public which desires real competition in the marketing of cars will arm itself with its own information, which is best gained by shopping around before making any commitment to buy. After all, the Detroit companies announce their prices to the newspapers—and he who runs, or drives, may read.

● In 1956 the Supreme Court, in the *Watkins* case, ruled that the House Committee on Un-American Activities must explain to witnesses the pertinency of every question asked. The charter of the Committee, it held, was wholly insufficient for this purpose. ("Who can define the meaning of 'un-American'?", asked the jesting Chief Justice—and would not stay for an answer.) In *Sacher* v. *U.S.*, decided on May 19, the Court took the next step in its systematic demolition of the congressional investigative power, by applying the *Watkins* rule to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee—without even permitting government attorneys to argue that the latter's charter is far more explicit than that of the House Committee.

● Americans for Democratic Action, which is as much against Communism as anybody but nevertheless usually finds grounds for opposing effective action against Communism, is running true to form: it now demands "immediate initiation of negotiations" concerning recognition of those famous old Chinese for Democratic Action, the Peiping Communists. Not, it hastens to add, that it wishes us to express "moral approval" of Red China; since Red China does not "deserve" such approval, God forfend! And not that ADA wishes to "abandon" Nationalist China; the obvious solution, rather, is to recognize *both* Chinas, reiterate our pledge to defend Formosa against Red China, and, of course, turn Formosa over to a UN trusteeship. (ADA is silent, however, about who's going to defend Red China against Formosa. But that must be because the problem has not yet presented itself.)

● Amid the hullabaloo a year ago over the disclosures of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee concerning the Canadian Minister to Cairo, Herbert Norman, and the economist Shigeto Tsuru, the name "Robert Bryce" slipped by unnoticed. Bryce, according to Tsuru's sworn testimony, had been a fellow member of the Harvard "Marxist study group" to which Tsuru and Norman belonged, and in fact had introduced Tsuru to Norman. It was not until this little item reappeared in the recently-issued An-

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nual Report of the Subcommittee that Canadian reporters began looking for Mr. Bryce. And where do you suppose they found him? In Ottawa, dear friends —as Secretary to the Canadian Cabinet.

● A) The Communists in Laos, through their electoral front, the Neo Lao Hak Zat, have just won a smashing victory in a special National Assembly election (NATIONAL REVIEW, May 24). B) Laos gets more annual U.S. foreign aid per capita ($40,000,000 for 2,000,000 inhabitants) than any other country. C) For the past year the Laos Minister of Planning and Reconstruction, charged with spending the annual $40,000,000, has been Prince Souphanouvong, the leader of the Communist Hak Zat. D) Doesn't that set a new record for *something*?

● The perversely paradoxical character of reality as it emerges, according to a *New York Times* correspondent, from the deliberations of the nation's African experts convened at Arden House (which why doesn't somebody burn it down?): "The . . . three working panels reached almost identical conclusions in the matter of African neutralism. These were that such neutralism should be regarded by the United States as not a liability but as an asset." Why they said so strange a thing, if we may paraphrase Wilde, "no warder dared to ask: for he to whom a watcher's doom is given as a task, must set a lock upon his lips, and make his face a mask."

● The National Labor Relations Board has decided to begin hearings this month on a dispute of great potential significance that has arisen within the United Automobile Workers. Several groups of tool and die makers and other skilled workers have petitioned to hold elections for representation of their categories, separate from the industrial-union "integrated" AUW elections. This demand is similiar to that put forward by the skilled crafts in last winter's New York subway strike, and to what has become in late years perhaps the prime issue in British trade-unionism. Walter Reuther is of course fighting bitterly against this proposal, which, by putting the collective bargaining process closer to the workers and their actual conditions of work, would weaken the monolithic control of big-union bureaucracy.

● Memo to the American Civil Liberties Union (att.: Alan Reitman, Assistant Director): We still await enlightenment from the ACLU on what *really* happened in the controversy between Mutual Network and the Manion Forum of the Air over the latter's being forced off the air when Herbert Kohler was invited to state his case against the CIO. Your letter, published in our issue of January 11, led us to expect a report "soon."

● The American Enterprise Association has published a carefully documented study made by President George C. S. Benson of Claremont Men's College and his Assistant, John M. Payne, on "National Aid to Higher Education." From an analysis of the education bills already drafted, they conclude that "important appropriations will almost always . . . permit national officials to set policy to some extent," that federal programs threaten to become "more extensive, more expensive, and more intrusive"—*and* that the crisis in higher education can be met without federal aid. Those interested in the positive alternatives to government aid proposed by Messrs. Benson and Payne should order the booklet ($1.00) from the American Enterprise Association, 1012 14th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

● Vice President Nixon has urged that our major league baseball teams be sent to Latin America for a post-season tour. Freudians will note Mr. Nixon's association of baseball with bigger and better rhubarbs.

De Gaulle or Nothing

The comments of the American press on the French crisis have been at the usual level of platitude. From them one would gather that the French regime of the postwar years has been a responsible republican and constitutional government that is now threatened with overthrow by a conspiracy of fascist generals and grasping colonial slave drivers. De Gaulle's comment, when he was asked about "the attitude of the army," cut through to the truth: "As for the army, which is normally the instrument of the state, it is proper that it should remain so. *But for that it is necessary that there should be a state.*"

Though the war in Algeria is the immediate occasion for the generals' revolt and the emergency decree, it is rather an expression than the cause of the French crisis. No French government, no matter how often the Cabinets have been reshuffled, has been able *either* to fight the Algerian revolutionists successfully *or* to make peace with them, either to conquer or to negotiate or to withdraw. Floundering helplessly, France has been bleeding to death in Algeria. But the helplessness in Algeria has only reflected the paralysis in metropolitan France.

The present crisis has brought the political reality to the surface. In barest terms it is simply this: the Communists, representing an alien state power, have a controlling veto over the Fourth Republic's "regime of parties" (as De Gaulle calls it). This equilibrium was foreseen by the Communists, who had a principal share in writing the Constitution of the Fourth Re-

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public, and who now—with good reason—proclaim themselves its most ardent defenders.

The Communists, accepted as a legitimate part of the regime, and masters of the chief trade unions, a quarter of the French electorate and nearly a quarter of the Assembly seats, have held this veto throughout the postwar years. They have been counterbalanced by the army and by some of the traditional forces of French society. The result has been the paralyzing stalemate in which no firm policy could be carried out either internally (*e.g.*, fiscal reform) or externally (*e.g.*, Indochina, North Africa).

Now, with the bulk of the army, the traditional Right and many independents swinging away from the regime, the relationship of forces dramatically changes. Among the groups backing the Center-Left government there is no longer a counterweight to the tightly organized strength of the Communists. In this new equilibrium, with the De Gaulle supporters outside the structure, the Communists shift from a negative, vetoing position to one from which they can exercise a positively controlling leverage. It is the half-conscious realization of the ominous meaning of this shift that compels the NATO high command to take immediate steps to lessen strategic dependence on France.

If De Gaulle's present bid for power, backed by the army's semi-coup, folds up, then there can be no reversal of the shift that has already taken place. The Communist—that is, the Soviet—hand inside the French regime would be so strengthened that future governments would lose even the negative independence of these past years. With the army repudiated, the French position in North Africa would collapse totally, at maximum cost to the West as a whole. Metropolitan France would become politically untenable as a major base for the Western defense system.

The point is not whether General de Gaulle is the ideal savior (he is not) or a difficult man to deal with (he is), or whether he has a convincing announced program for solving all France's troubles (he hasn't). It is rather what a wise French friend of ours remarked one recent evening: "I don't know whether De Gaulle can do anything, but I know the others can't."

Where Does He Come In?

The Liberal community has suddenly developed a concern with constitutional niceties worthy of a Coke or Blackstone. Clucking like a bewigged Lord Justice in a morals case, the editorial writers opposing the Jenner-Butler Bill intone about "encroachment," "separation of powers," "independence of the judiciary," and the possible repercussions on opinion in Ghana. As is customary, our Liberal mentors show a high degree of selectivity in choosing what constitutional principles to be concerned about.

Putting to one side for this week their dismissal of the Court's evolution into a socio-political legislative body, let us here note their strange silence on a most extraordinary feature—constitutionally speaking—of the current debate. Attorney General William P. Rogers, *as official spokesman for the executive branch of the government,* testified on—and against—the Jenner-Butler Bill before the Senate Judiciary Committee and issued a public statement attacking it, in whole and in every part, after the Committee's vote of approval—quite properly, perhaps, as regards the problems raised by the Smith Act decisions and the decision on firing government workers, but with brazen impropriety on the rest of the disputed cases. What, for example, is the excuse for the *official executive intervention,* via Mr. Rogers, on the topic of *the conduct of congressional investigations* (the *Watkins* decision)? By what right does the executive intrude in a purely internal legislative affair?

Mr. Rogers' attack on the Jenner-Butler provision which affirms the sole power of Congress to rule on the pertinence of committee questions was as crude a violation of the "separation of powers" principle, as gross an "encroachment" on a congressional function, and as brazen a blow at the "independence of the legislature" as our history books record.

Industrial Statesmanship: Capitalist Brand

The Liberals are for permanently outlawing the "yellow dog" contract—but would do nothing to outlaw compulsory unionism. They prejudge motives at will when passing on an employer's hiring practices. They are for free speech at all times for workers—and yet deny an employer the right to express his own beliefs within earshot of an employee. In short, Liberals pretty generally apply a one-way ethical code to labor-management relations.

Liberals consistently look down their noses at the National Association of Manufacturers as reactionary and one-sided. The "reactionaries," however, have just come up with a code of ethical standards which, if acted upon by everybody, would Christianize the industrial scene beyond the wildest dreams of any genuine liberal of a now distant past. The NAM's new guide to ethical practices would protect freedom of speech for *both* the worker and his employer. It would prohibit *both* the yellow dog contract and the compulsory union. It would outlaw monopolistic union combinations *along with* indus-

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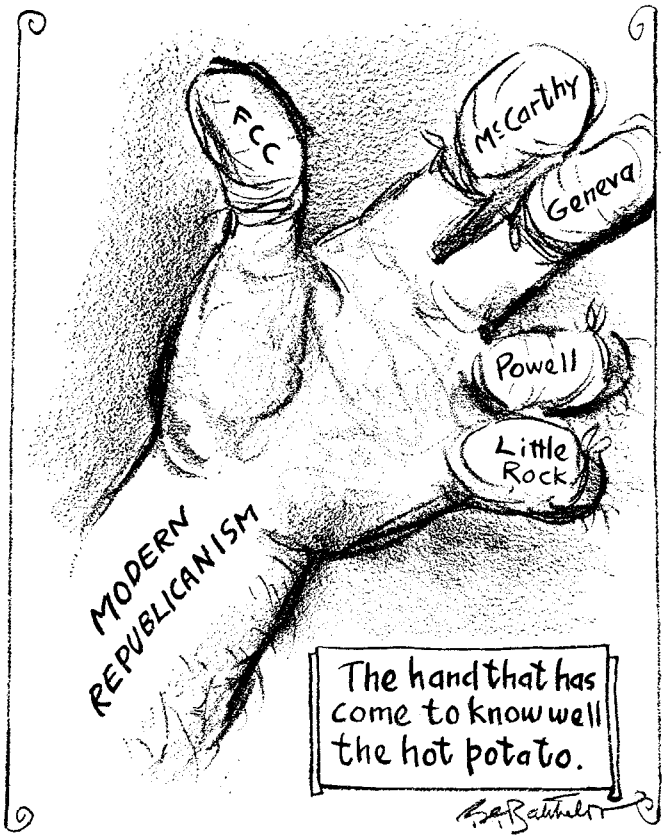
trial cartel arrangements. It would relate hiring practices to skills without reference to age factors which exclude older workers. And it would provide job opportunities for handicapped persons who are willing and qualified to work.

The NAM, in brief, has come up with a two-way ethical code which it proposes to apply to labor-management relations. A singular triumph for an organization which Liberals continue to equate with the Forty Thieves.



What Is "Aid and Comfort"?

Three passport cases are currently before the Supreme Court of the United States. In two of the cases—those involving Rockwell Kent, the artist, and Dr. Walter Briehl of Los Angeles, a psychiatrist—the State Department's denial of passport rights is based on refusals to answer questions about alleged Communist affiliations. In the third case—that of Weldon Bruce Dayton, a physicist who wishes to take a job in India—denial is based on State Department fears that Mr. Dayton wishes to "advance the Communist movement."

What should be the Supreme Court's stand in such cases? NATIONAL REVIEW considers that the passport right is a qualified right which may, in certain instances, be legitimately suspended. But only in accordance with clearly stated law. If for example, the foreign policy of the U.S. insists on a general boycott of travel in an unfriendly nation, then there should be no exceptions made for individual citizens wishing to cross the forbidden border. Again, the government has the clear duty to protect itself against subversion by undeclared agents of a foreign power. Whether Kent, Briehl and Dayton are indeed such agents would seem to be the nub of the current cases. In short, what the Supreme Court is called to rule upon in the present instances is not so much the violation of passport rights as upon the anterior evidence —or lack of evidence—of subversion itself. What is needed now is congressional action to define the substance of "aid and comfort to the enemy."

Blind Man's Buffs

Our readers are already familiar with the point, but we intend to keep on making it until the offenders cease offending: we have witnessed in the last years the virtual disappearance from American newspapers of the time-honored distinction between the news columns (where, in theory at least, the writer stated the facts and kept his opinions to himself) and the editorial columns (where the writer took sides, and sought to "influence" readers). As witness the obituary notices on Elmer Davis in the news columns of the Establishment press.

His "integrity," the *New York Times* wrote in its *news story*, was "indisputable." He was a "horse-sense liberal," it continues, "towering in serenity and grandeur over the foothill Cassandras"; "his patriotism was unassailable"; he was "a consistent tough-minded believer in freedom"; and—inevitably —"one of his great contributions to national sanity came . . . when the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy . . . was most active . . It took courage [of the kind the beleaguered *New York Times* displayed] in those days to speak forthrightly and plainly." For "Mr. Davis insisted that the greatest internal menace to the United States was not Communism, as [McCarthy] . . . maintained, but the steady encroachment on freedom of thought."

NATIONAL REVIEW respected Elmer Davis for his intelligence, learning, and writing style. But his impact as a news-commentator on postwar public opinion was deplorable; for, great scourge though he had been to the Nazis, he was blind to the threat of Soviet Communism and fought viciously, and even spitefully, against the foothill Cassandras who were not blind. Elmer Davis spread the darkness. To be classed a "consistent, tough-minded believer in freedom"—the highest tribute a man can have—one must have seen the enemies of freedom clear, and seen them whole.

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Political Gold Mine

John Diefenbaker, Canada's Conservative Prime Minister, has grabbed hard on a vision: that of a flourishing development of the vast Canadian sub-Arctic frontier. Politically speaking, we think he has got hold of something which is capable of keeping his party in power for years to come.

For the sake of the record, however, it should be made plain that free-wheeling individuals, not politicians, have already made the Diefenbaker vision a most promising reality. Item: the iron ore deposits which Republic Steel and other companies have started to work in Labrador. Item: the new Frobisher Bay refueling stop on Baffin Island which is largely the creation of Pan-American and other airway companies now running polar flights between the U.S. West Coast and Northern Europe. Item: the scores of mining enterprises floated on Toronto's "penny" stock exchange, which have pushed their gold and uranium ore-seeking ventures into the Great Slave Lake region and elsewhere. What is needed, now, is a transportation system to link these and other northern enterprises to the consumer areas to the south.

Diefenbaker is in the position which made Andrew Jackson a "great" U.S. President 120 years ago: he has simply to live politically off the expanding energies of a frontier, meanwhile giving roadbuilding a push here and there. We hope he doesn't spoil his own chances for political immortality by trying to push too hard. State-fostered projects in the Yukon territory, or wherever, would make the Northland into Canada's WPA, which would be a net drag on the whole promising business.

Call Me Mister

Powell poses in the crowded press room of the United States Courthouse after arraignment, with a smile on his beatific countenance, surrounded by evangelists of the faith, who, men of God, are there to give courage to their persecuted leader. Is he separated from Miss Scott? Well, he says, she's *there* and I'm here. He grins. Everybody grins. But is he *legally* separated? No indeed, no indeed, no sir. How much longer will she be in Paris? Probably a year and a half, to take advantage of that eighteen-month tax thing, he beams saucily, and everybody laughs. He poses—a dozen times—accepting the first substantial campaign contribution toward his independent primary fight. Many such checks will follow, he says. His lawyer, Big Ed Williams, watches him carefully, aghast. Hoffa and Costello can be pretty good performers, but he's never had a client like this fellow. How does Mr. Powell account for NATIONAL REVIEW'S role in activating the grand jury? Simple, Powell says: NATIONAL REVIEW'S publisher was an aide to Senator Eastland (he wasn't). Williams pounces: Come on, let's go. (Got to save the NATIONAL REVIEW bit for court?)

Powell sweeps out of the room, toward the nearby exit in the rear of the building. No! no! Reverend! Don't go out that door! Go out the front door! You got nothing to hide! You're right, you're absolutely right, he says, and turns, with his disciples, toward the tedious maze of hallways leading to the front exit, a city block away. *A clean sweep! From the moment Prosecutor Williams called me "Adam" at the arraignment session, and I, Defendant Powell, called him "Paul." Come to think of it, maybe hereafter it would be proper for Paul to call me Mr. Adam? Or Congressman Adam? Or Reverend? I'll ask Ed.*

Notes and Asides

We are proud and happy to report a sweeping primary victory by L. Brent Bozell in his race for Republican nomination for assemblyman from Montgomery County, Maryland. Mr. Bozell ran on a states' rights, right-to-work platform which drew to his cause dozens of volunteer workers who worked night and day to convince the voters that they and Mr. Brent Bozell were meant for each other. Next stop: the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Granted it's a horrible thing to look inside of, but it has to be done, and John Kreuttner has done it: "Inside Liberalism" is now available, at 60 cents per copy, two for $1.00. We are proud to sponsor this eight-page hard-paper collection of some of the inimitable Mr. Kreuttner's major insights into the Liberal Mind. Get several copies, and leave one or two around, where they'll do most harm.

Our Contributors: FINIS FARR ("To the Aid of the Party") is a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW. His "Princeton and the Priest" (October 19, 1957), on President Goheen's violation of academic freedom in the Halton case, created a sensation in academic circles. . . . DAVID MCCORD WRIGHT ("Luminous Common Sense") is William Dow Professor of Economics and Political Science at McGill University. He is the author of several books, among them *Capitalism* and *Democracy and Progress*. . . . E. MERRILL ROOT ("Rotten First at the Head"), poet, writer and professor of English at Earlham College, has published two books of prose and seven of poetry. . . . JANE BUCKLEY SMITH ("Smoke Again and Live Again") is the sixth member of the Buckley family to make her bow to NATIONAL REVIEW readers. Non-professionally she is a housewife and the mother of five small children.

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National Trends

Sh! Don't Blame the Kremlin!

PETER MINOT

Since the Latin American riots, the State Department has been seeking to sweep their Communist aspects under the rug. The minimizing testimony of Deputy Under Secretary Robert Murphy, given to Senate investigators behind the porous locked doors of a committee room, was an effort by an honest career officer to walk the tightrope between truth and Department policy. But if what has gushed out so far is an accurate summary of his words, Mr. Murphy has been signally remiss in transmitting what is in available Intelligence files.

The simple fact, however disturbing it may be to those who wish to foster a conciliatory attitude toward the Soviet Union, is that the riots against Vice President Nixon were a carefully prepared and concerted effort by the Communist apparatus to discredit the United States. That the Communists found willing hands to support this effort hardly diminishes Soviet responsibility. Consider the following:

Soviet propaganda broadcasts to Latin America have been sharply stepped up over the past years. Between 1955 and 1956, there was an increase of 167 per cent. The United States Information Agency privately admits that from this high plateau there has been an added increase of 31 per cent in recent months. CIA monitors of these broadcasts noted that in the period between the announcement of Mr. Nixon's visit and his arrival, the tone of the messages beamed from Moscow and East Europe for 95 hours a week became incendiary—incitements to mob violence recognizable to any listener short of Chief Justice Warren.

Communist membership in Venezuela has shot up from an estimated 9,000 in 1956 to 80,000. Total Party membership in Latin America is well over 350,000—and given the usual ratio of Party member to active fellow traveler, the Communists have close to four million effectives in Latin America.

At Number 3 Vocelova Street in Prague, headquarters of the International Union of Students, a careful campaign of infiltration and subversion has been planned. Most of the student federations in Latin America have been taken over or immobilized as cold-war forces. Student leaders have been given free tours to the Soviet Union. At each university, "forty-year-old sophomores" — Communist-trained, of course—remain to indoctrinate each year's new crop of students.

Though the Confederation of Latin-American Workers (CTAL), led by the Spanish-speaking world's leading non-Communist Communist, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, has been losing ground to the democratic trade unions, it remains an important transmission belt for Party orders and a potent Kremlin weapon. At the riots, observers spotted CTAL goons leading the students. Reporters who covered the Vice President were struck by the absolute similarity in tactics, strategy and slogans of the rioters in every country.

Why then does the State Department, aided and abetted by its allies in the press claque and on the Hill, seek to play down this aspect of a disgraceful episode? It takes no great acumen as a reporter to find the answer. The riots had more impact on Americans than is readily discernible in Washington or New York. Those whose view of America is not conditioned by politics failed to consider with equanimity the desecration of the American flag or the obscene indignities visited upon a Vice President and his wife. The first fear in the tailored hearts of State Department tacticians was that a public revulsion might sufficiently inspire the Congress to cut aid to Latin America. Therefore, the strategy has been to lay the blame for the riots not on the Communists, not on the governments of Latin America, but on the United States itself.

For reasons of diplomacy, Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon have stressed that this country would bear no grudge against the *Latinos* for the recent events. But it is a long step between this careful viewpoint and the argument now being assiduously peddled in Washington that the fault is our own. The Democrats, quick to seize an issue, have pushed the State Department's thinking one step further. With diminishing caution, they are attempting to pin the blame on Mr. Nixon himself. If this succeeds, it will be smart politics — for the cheers which greeted the Vice President when he stepped out of his plane at Washington's National Airport may well reverberate into 1960.

There is some risk of a backfire, but it has been calculated by that group of Democrats which includes Speaker Sam Rayburn. Mr. Rayburn has been consumed by hatred of the Vice President which feeds on each of Mr. Nixon's successes. Mr. Rayburn is the source of much anti-Nixon poison on Capitol Hill; and he is convinced of its effectiveness. So far he has not openly charged that Mr. Nixon organized the riots against himself—but this is expected at any moment.

Another campaign from another agency of government is gathering momentum. The Central Intelligence Agency has been employing its vast resources to the end of convincing the American people that recognition of Red China is not only inevitable but desirable. There were, of course, men like Paul Hoffman who arrived at this "conclusion" independently. And so it may be that though Americans for Democratic Action finally formalized its desire for recognition of the Chinese Communist regime, no collusion was involved.

There may be some interesting repercussions of ADA's most recent demonstration of its intransigent anti-Communism. Walter Reuther is one of the dominant personalities in ADA; but Mr. Reuther is also a vice president of the AFL-CIO, which has taken a strong position against recognition of Red China or its admission into the UN. It would be quaint to hear what Mr. George Meany, a dedicated fighter against Communism, says to Mr. Reuther. The last time the two men tangled, it was over Nehru and neutralism. Mr. Reuther was for both.

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A Westminster Letter

Springhead to Springhead

The independent farmer, says one of their number, is doomed to lose his fight against bureaucracy; but it was worth making and will not be forgotten

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

After winter's long, cold enemy occupation, spring is back; no longer halting and promissory, but true, irreversible spring. Now the springheads, dried up in last summer's fierce drought and long silent, burst out again, refilled by this spring's plentiful moisture, and rush on their way to the sea with a chance of drowning babble in babble as they pour past Washington (we are in the Potomac watershed). Now the voices of the fertilizer and lime purveyor and the farm implement hucksters are heard louder than the voice of the turtle in the land. "Make five blades of corn grow where one grew before," they coo. "Let 140 bushels an acre (with fertilizers) swell farm surpluses which 40 bushels (without fertilizer) could never swell so prosperously. Let one man do (with machines) the work that three could scarcely do (without). So disemployment thrives." Of course, they do not really say these things; this is only the logic of what they say.

And, as throughout nature in the spring voice answers voice, their voices are answered by others. These are the voices of the Agriculture Department's employees, and other official and semi-official farmers' helpmeets. There are enough of these turtles in the land so that, if there were time at this season to count noses, I suspect that the bureaucratic nose count in almost any farm county would fill you with wonder at how they manage without colliding. In part, they manage by a division of labor. While some (bringing, often, a good deal of expert knowledge and patient solicitude to jobs, in general, poorly paid) are helping you multiply yields—others (the land-bankers and that ilk) are exhorting you to decrease yields. They will pay you for it, too; and so painlessly that some scarcely notice that the hand which reaches for the payment is thereafter meshed in the controls. Since few seem to mind this, or to notice the gaping paradox—the coos of increase cancelling the coos of decrease—perhaps it hardly matters. Yet history, glancing back, may be struck by another paradox and wonder if, in America, it was not in the countryside that socialism first took firm root and stooled.

The Bureaucrat Tactic

It has been a carefully nurtured growth. The earlier controls (Roosevelt and Wallace *consulibus*) were rather flirtatious things. Bureaucracy was chiefly feeling out the land to see how many inches it could take before reaching for a mile. On this farm, we were always careful to plant less than the official wheat allotment. But the great tactic (it is almost a reflex) of the bureaucrat mind is to keep things unsettled, to keep you off balance, to make you feel unsure. So I was not surprised when, one day years ago, a small character knocked at the door to say that he was the wheat inspector, that he had been looking over our fields (of course, without asking), and that we were overplanted. His thin, sidewise smile tried to hint at least hanging at sunrise. It disturbed my wife. But I knew that we were not overplanted, and I thought I knew what silver cord connects bureaucracy and politics. "Elections are coming up," I said to her. "You can be absolutely sure that nothing more will be heard of this." Nothing was, of course.

But, shortly afterwards, I happened in on a neighbor who is made of sterner stuff. It was hog-feeding time, and he approached with a pail of slop in each hand. I asked: "Did that fellow look over your fields?" My neighbor set down each pail, somewhat with the air of a President laying a State of the Union message on a lectern; and eyed me for a moment of dense silence. Then he said: "You know he's a black-hearted skunk," adding with immense relish: "I run 'im." I thought I heard the fifes of '76.

You will not hear them now, or, I think, again. Those days, around Pearl Harbor, were a simpler, sweeter time. Besides, the Second World War, with mass armies and half a world to feed, made nonsense of controls. It remained for this Administration to weld them on. I have never known on just what remote, snow-capped Olympus the wheat allotments were alloted. Official notice of how much (or how little) wheat you could henceforth lawfully plant just arrived, one day, in the mail. But, if you had been alloted less than fifteen acres (most of us were), you could not afterwards vote about continuing or discontinuing this control. Voting about that was henceforth the privilege of the bigger planters. Those under fifteen acres were henceforth stripped of a vote in this rather relevant matter. Moreover, if you planted above your official allotment, even if the yield of the overplant was not for sale, was used wholly to feed your own stock or poultry, you still had to pay a penalty for growing it. Moreover, government surveyors could come into your fields at any time, to measure your wheat acreage and determine what penalty you must pay. This, you will see, went considerably beyond controls in the earlier sense, which most farmers had been content to abide by if only, by doing so, they would be let alone; while some, in the vain hope that the surest way to be let alone was not to take even the subsidies to which controls entitled them, refused these.

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So it happened, now, that a few such farmers, who held that their land was inviolable, and that the day of the *kolkhoz* had not yet arrived made known their temperatures by running up, at the entrance to their farms, signs which read: "Government agents keep out!" There was a tiny farm revolt hereabouts, with some strong feelings and words between embattled farmers and officials. And these farmers were certainly mistaken; at least about what hour of history it is. The years of bureaucratic feeling-out were over. The day of submission-or-else had come. The Administration moved swiftly against the resisters in a legal action known (ironically enough, it seemed to some) as: *The People* v. *Morelock*.

You can read about this particular Morelock in *Witness*, where I wrote of him and his family: "Names to be written rather high, I think, on the column which is headed: 'And thy neighbor as thyself.'" In sum, the charge was interfering with government agents in pursuit of their duty. Mr. Morelock and his fellow defendants won that action, on a technicality, rather, I suspect, to the relief of the bureaucracy, which wanted no martyrs; and whose chief purpose, after all, was not to harass or penalize farmers. What was wanted was to seal on controls and cut surpluses, and this the resistance threatened over-all.

One Man's Resistance

It was a silly, hot-headed, inconsequential resistance? It did not reflect the feelings of masses of farmers anywhere? There is a point of view—nowadays we tend to exalt it as "reasonable"—from which any spontaneous resistance on principle, and against odds, is seen always to be silly. And such struggles often appear inconsequential enough at the time. Those who make them are few in number if only because those who react fiercely on principle are, in the nature of men, likely to be few. Nor are they, in the nature of themselves, likely to be worldlywise, to have thought out in crisp detail all the implications of their action. If they could do this, presumably they could not act. For their drive to act is organic and instinctive, not neatly cerebral. So their opponent finds it easy to dismiss them as crackpots and extremists; and, in general, his strength is defined by the degree to which he can afford to dismiss them with the derisive smile. The smile mantles power.

Perhaps I should make a point clear: I was not directly concerned by any of this. Some time before, when we saw that controls were coming to stay, we simply stopped planting wheat. But I could not bear to see my friends mauled. So I spoke privately to the wife of one embattled farmer. I went to the wife because I did not wish to sustain the man's hurt or blazing anger at what I had to say. In effect I said: "Urge him to stop. He cannot win. He will only destroy himself, and for nothing. This cause was lost before it began." These people are strong human types of a kind little known among the mystic circles of the intellectuals. They hate a quitter, and they do not make a quick distinction between a faint heart and the coldly measuring glance. I saw dawning in this woman's eyes, first shock that I, of all people, should say this; then a tinge of just-repressed contempt. "That is not what you did in the Hiss Case," she said. I said: "No. That is why I am saying this to you. Do not destroy your lives for nothing."

Then I went away. I did not return until the action was over; all had simmered down, and reality had taught what words seldom can. For these people have a strong grasp of reality, a simple wisdom of the earth, where ten minutes of unseasonable hail will tear to ribbons a year's corn—but you go on from there. By then, they knew (whether or not they would admit the fact in words) that they were the defeated. They were proud to have made the effort; and I think that this pride was about in ratio to their realization that they could only have been defeated; no other issue was possible. It was their pride to have acted, anyway. Into that pride they retreated. This was no retreat from principle. The retreat was into silent conformity to superior force, the force of the way things are, which compels compliance, but convinces no one. In ending their resistance, they yielded to that force, but from their silence they looked out at it with unyielding scorn.

I asked the woman to whom I had first spoken: "What now?" She answered that, when the Republican Party was first organized, her forebears (they had always lived on this same farm) had voted for Fremont. When, just before and during the War Between The States, Maryland was rent, they had twice voted for Lincoln. They were Black Republicans; in the whole history of the line, they had never voted anything but Republican. She said: "We will never vote for a Republican again." I said: "What do you gain by that? Do you suppose those others [the Democrats] will not give you more and tighter controls?" She said: "Then we will never vote again at all." Never is a long word. But, in so far as anything can be certain in an uncertain world, I think it is certain that these people —they are of the breed of those who built the nation from the unpeopled earth—will never vote again. They have silently seceded, not so much from the electorate (that is only the form the gesture takes), but from what they believe to be betrayal of basic principle, without which their world surrenders a part of its meaning. That principle is the inviolability of a man's land from invasion even by the State, the right of a man to grow for his own use (unpenalized by the State) a harvest which his labor and skill wrings from the earth, and which could not otherwise exist. Freedom was at stake, of which the inviolable land and its harvest were symbol and safeguard. The word "indivisible" is not one that these people commonly think or speak with. So they do not think or say: "Freedom is indivisible." But that is what they sensed and that is why they acted. It was not controls, but coercion, they resisted.

Crisis of Abundance

Do not misunderstand me. I do not suppose that wheat allotments, or similar controls, are inherently wicked, or that government's action in enforcing them was wrong—given our reality. I believe them to be inescapable, which is something different. The problem of farm surpluses is, of course, a symptom of a crisis of abundance. It is the gift of science and technology—improved machines, fertilizers, sprays, antibiotic drugs, and a general rising

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efficiency of know-how. The big farm, constantly swallowing its smaller neighbors, is a logical resultant of those factors (big machines are fully efficient only on big acreages). Surpluses follow. So does the price trend of farm real estate, steadily creeping upward for decades. So does the downtrend of the farm population (it has fallen by a million in about two decades).

If farmers really meant to resist these trends, to be conservative, to conserve "a way of life" (as they often say), they would smash their tractors with sledges, and go back to the horse-drawn plow. Of course, they have no intention of doing anything so prankish, and, moreover, would not be let do it if they tried. Controls would appear at that point, too. For the cities, which dominate this society, are dependent on machine-efficient yields. So the State would have to act to prevent the farmer from preserving "a way of life," just as it has to act by controlling, in the field, an agriculture of anarchic abundance. Both are actions against anarchy. Controls of one kind or another are here to stay so long as science and technology are with us; or, until the ability of farmers to produce and the ability of the rest of us to consume their product is again in some rough balance, thus ending the problem. That balance will be restored, presumably, in the course of a survival of the fittest, in which efficiency determines survival. And efficiency is itself the result of a number of factors, one of which is almost certainly size of operation. In short, the farm unit tends to grow bigger and more efficient, as the farmers, growing more efficient, too, grow drastically fewer in necessary numbers.

This is the only *solution* of the farm problem; one that is obviously impersonal and rather inhuman (and in that it is exactly like any other comparable development in history, for example the development of the factory system). Short of that solution, no man or party can solve the farm problem. They can only contrive palliatives. All that men and parties can do is to try to mitigate and soften, in human terms, the plight of the farmer in the course of heading toward that impersonal solution which science and technology impose. Hence controls and the incipient socialism of the countryside which controls imply and impose. This is the basic situation, however much incidental factors may disguise, blur, or even arrest it for longer or shorter terms. That is why the mass of farmers go along with controls which, almost without exception, they loathe. Who will say that they are not right?

Yet neither do I believe my neighbors were wrong to resist. I believe they were right, too—and on a plane which lies beyond controls. In my heart, I believe that no resistance on principle, where freedom is the principle involved, is ever meaningless, or ever quite hopeless, even though history has fated it to fail. For it speaks, not to the present reality, but to the generations and the future. And, in so far as it speaks for freedom, it speaks for hope. Freedom and hope—they are the heart of our strength, and what we truly have to offer mankind in the larger conflict with Communism that we are also locked in.

It was not the initial resistance that I was urging my neighbors against in this case, but an unwise persistence in it. I thought that resistance, once enacted, was well done and full of meaning for us all. I thought that, thereafter, swift disengagement was simple common sense, since neither the battle nor the war could be won —not in this season of history. The fewness of the resisters, their summary defeat, the way in which their struggle passed largely unnoticed and was quickly forgotten, seemed to bear out this view.

A Great Continuity

It also chilled me. It seemed to me that, with the defeat of these farmers, a retaining wall had fallen out. And this not only in the sense that hereby the enveloping State had made a new envelopment, and that, to that extent, the whole outwork of individual freedom and its safeguards was weakened. The real portent was the complacent consensus that it scarcely mattered. No one was stirred. No one really cared. No one rose to say that when, at any point, the steadily advancing State retrenches the rights and freedom of any group, however small, however justified the retrenchment is in terms of impersonal reality, every man's security is breached. That tells us what hour of day it is.

That is why, I think, it is not wholly cranky or idle to remember, with each returning spring, this episode. Not that I think it will be forgotten. The land has a long, long memory. Nothing is much more thought-provoking than to listen—in barns where men meet and talk on days too wet to work, in farm kitchens on winter nights—and hear the names of men and women long dead (names which, in life, were scarcely known beyond a radius of 30 miles) come to life in conversation. They live again in most precise detail—tricks of manner, speech, dress, foibles, follies, generosities, integrities, courage, defeats. Often such recollections are laced, in the telling, with much human malice. Yet even this, at its worst, has the effect of brushing the grass on many an otherwise neglected grave. And, by that touch, is restored a great continuity—the same from the beginning of the earth, through the mentioned dead, to those who mention them. A nation is also its dead. As if any of us lived otherwise than on the graves of those who gave us life, who, so long as we conserve them in memory, constitute that generative continuity. Among such memories, surely, will remain, like a germ in a seed, the little farmers' resistance. Perhaps in some more fully socialized spring to come, someone, listening to that recollection, will pause over it long enough to ask himself: "What was the principle of freedom that these farmers stood for? Why was the world in which this happened heedless or wholly unconcerned? Why did they fail?"

Perhaps he will not be able, in that regimented time, to find or frame an answer. Perhaps he will not need to. For perhaps the memory of those men and women will surprise him simply as with an unfamiliar, but arresting sound—the sound of springheads, long dried up and silent in a fierce drought, suddenly burst out and rushing freely to the sea. It may remind him of a continuity that outlives all lives, fears, perplexities, contrivings, hopes, defeats; so that he is moved to reach down and touch again for strength, as if he were its first discoverer, the changeless thing—the undeluding, undenying earth.

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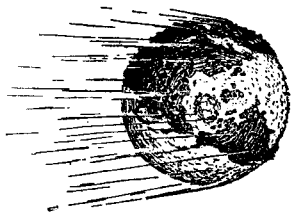

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Mr. Nixon's Bitter Harvest

"The wisest princes who adopted the maxims of Augustus," wrote Edward Gibbon, "guarded with strictest care the dignity of the Roman name." Nor did they imagine that such a guard would be sufficiently maintained by sermons on international morality. "The terror of the Roman arms added weight and dignity to the moderation of the emperors. They preserved peace by a constant preparation for war; and while justice regulated their conduct, they announced to the nations in their confines, that they were as little disposed to endure, as to offer an injury."

For centuries under both Republic and Empire, Roman citizenship was a magic cloak protecting its wearer throughout the Mediterranean world. If that cloak were violated anywhere —whether by or without the intention of the local authorities—Rome's retribution was sure and swift.

Every great nation has had such a confident, jealous pride in its own good name, and would not otherwise have been great. To be a citizen, a member, of a great community must be a badge whose worth cannot be weighed on a scale of common ounces. To sully that badge, worn even by the humblest individual, must be a crime that the entire community is obligated to punish, at whatever cost.

This was the attitude—more of feeling and tradition, of course, than of analytic reason—of nineteenth-century Britain; and the rest of the world took nineteenth-century Britain at its self-evaluation. Until a generation ago, when the Liberal-egalitarian ideology began to prevail in its governing élite, this was the attitude also of the United States.

Honor and the Fathers

In its past the United States was unusually, often rather arbitrarily jealous of what it asserted to be the rights of its citizens. To enforce their recognition by other nations was a primary problem of the first quarter century's foreign policy. President Washington, in his Second Annual Address, used words similar to Gibbon's: "The aggressors should be made sensible that the Government of the Union is not less capable of punishing their crimes than it is disposed to respect their rights and reward their attachments." Four years later he plainly expressed the attitude of jealous honor: "There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it."

The immediate motive for founding the United States Navy was (in President John Adams' words) to forestall and avenge "the injuries committed on our commerce, the insults offered to our citizens . . . [which] are to be attributed to the hope of impunity arising from a supposed inability on our part to afford protection." The unwarlike, isolationist Jefferson had nothing but applause for Lieutenant Sterret, Captains Preble and Bainbridge, Consul Eaton and the other officers who—without declaration of war or explicit orders—took repeated quick and ruthless action against North African raiders who injured the persons or property of Americans. When the rights of American citizens had been harmed and the flag dishonored, it was self-evidently proper that Sterret, on his own initiative, should have captured a Tripolitan cruiser "after a heavy slaughter of her men, without the loss of a single one on our part," and that Capt. Bainbridge should decide on his own that a vessel "was of right to be detained for inquiry and consideration." Jefferson scornfully rejected the argument of "those who expect us to calculate whether a compliance with unjust demands will not cost us less than a war."

The War in 1812 was joined because of British "impressment" of our poorest citizens. Throughout the last century the U.S. government took frequent occasion to demand—from Russia, Japan and China, Germany, the Ottoman Empire, Spain, the states of Latin America—a due regard for the rights of U.S. citizens and respect for the U.S. flag, even when these rested on claims that the other nations had never allowed.

Please Kick me Again

It is not probable that Joe McCarthy knew the detailed formal history of this problem, but it was a symptom of both the depth of his traditional American feeling and his insight into the critical issues of the present that he so often stressed it in private conversation as in public debate. McCarthy knew, *felt,* that a nation that abandons its consuls—like Angus Ward—to Asian jails, that stands passive while its soldiers die slowly in Siberian slave camps, its aviators are brainwashed in filthy Chinese cells, its planes shot down by an Adriatic gangster, its diplomatic establishments smashed and burned, its flag cursed, its troops turned over by their own commanders to the mercies of alien courts—McCarthy knew, felt in his guts, that a nation which not only endures passively such infamies but continues placating intercourse with those who perpetrate them is rotting from within.

The rocks, spittle and obscenities hurled at Mr. Nixon and his wife were a part of the harvest of these shameful seeds. Why should anyone —Communists or the local government whose job is to control the conduct of Communists and other criminals toward visitors—have respect any longer for American citizens and the American flag? If we do not respect ourselves, why should others respect us?

And the nation's response to the Nixon rocks? Abjectly confess how badly *we* have behaved. Pour out more money to the nations that have allowed these things to come to pass. And hasten toward a peaceful summit chat with the master-thug who ordered the befouling attacks.

Let us not wonder, then, at the contemptuous wisecrack with which Khrushchev announced Sputnik III.

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To the Aid of the Party

Why did a prominent lawyer and his associate perjure themselves in the case of a perjuror whose crime had incalculably benefited the Communist Party?

FINIS FARR

Last January, a New York lawyer named R. Lawrence Siegel stood in the ruins of his career. He had been convicted on grave charges: three counts of obstructing justice and four of perjury during a grand jury investigation. Conviction brought automatic disbarment, and upon his subsequent sentencing, he was fined $2,000 and put on a year's probation in lieu of a prison term.

The lawyer who was thus disbarred and disgraced had achieved the eminence of a Fifth Avenue office and a list of Broadway and Hollywood clients. He was also a director of the New York Civil Liberties Union and chairman of its Academic Freedom Committee, attorney to an aggressively liberal college for young ladies, and counsel to the *Nation*, a magazine of long history and formerly honored name. The question before us is, how did the big academic-freedom and civil-liberties man get into this kind of trouble?

For an even remotely satisfactory answer, the student must first unravel another case, that of Harvey M. Matusow, a former Communist and government witness whose recantations have been the fuel for a carefully aimed Soviet propaganda missile. The connection is that Siegel perjured himself before a grand jury investigating Matusow's turncoat activities. To bring the numerous dates and facts into significant order, we must leave Siegel for the moment, and go back over Matusow's life.

He was born in New York City, where his parents are hard-working people of the sort who help to give the town its still unconquered air of underlying kindliness. He served in the war; his brother Danny was shot down over Germany. After the war, a young man in his twenties, Harvey Matusow briefly attended City College and then, in 1947, went into the Communist Party as a paid worker. His known activities included running the headquarters switchboard, hustling subscriptions for Communist papers, and working in the bookstores where Party-approved material was sold. He put in three years at this, and in 1950 went to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Matusow's Undercover Work

For about six months, Matusow served the FBI as an undercover man. In July 1950 he visited the San Cristobal Valley Ranch, a haven for Communists and their friends near Taos, New Mexico, and 80 miles from the Los Alamos atomic proving grounds. Among the many questionable people there was Clinton Jencks, the man who was to have his name on a far-reaching Supreme Court decision. At the time, Jencks was noted only for being head of a local of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which was kicked out of the CIO because of its Communist domination.

Another ranch guest, Matusow later recorded, was a Czech Communist from the United Nations, whose main interest seemed to be gathering information about what was going on at Los Alamos. Other topics of conversation around the chuck wagon were how to hinder the U.S. war effort in Korea, and the best method of operating a courier service to comrades across the border in Mexico. Early in 1951, Harvey Matusow was publicly expelled from the Communist Party. Its leaders have not told us when they became doubtful about him, or how they verified the suspicions. But expelled he was, which of course ended all undercover activity. It was now logical that he should appear as a witness, and he did so at various times throughout 1951 and 1952. He testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and a state investigative body in Texas. He also introduced himself, in 1952, to the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, and made a speech in his behalf.

All told, he testified under oath before investigative bodies as to the Communist activities or affiliations of 244 people. He also testified in two trials, that of the 13 Communist leaders convicted of violating the Smith Act in New York in 1952, and that of Clinton Jencks, when he was convicted of falsely denying CP membership in Texas in January 1954.

This is the total of activities as a witness which led to the Communist-inspired charge that Matusow was a "professional informer" maintained in comfort while he plied his trade. This is indeed a frightening idea. It makes one think of melodramatic villainy on the order of A. Conan Doyle's Professor Moriarty sitting in the center of his great spider web of crime. Unfortunately, facts have a dreary way of deflating melodrama; and if Matusow was a professional, he did not make a living at it. His *per diem* payments for appearing before legislative bodies in 1951 and 1952 averaged less than $10 a week. And I don't suppose anyone will maintain that testifying in two trials would put much in a man's pocket. But Matusow did stand to collect large amounts because of his *recantations*, as we shall see.

The fact is that by the end of 1952, Matusow had fallen on evil days. He had gone through a marriage to a rich woman, a divorce, a remarriage and a second divorce. Now he was hard put to it to find a way to make a living. The investigative bodies had no more interest in him, for the unexciting reason that he had nothing more to tell. He was not to be called anywhere as a witness until the

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Jencks trial came on, more than a year later. By the middle of 1953 Matusow was drifting around the country, like a character in a Dos Passos novel, not taking a job perhaps for the reason that he felt too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work. *"The young man waits by the side of the road . . . thumb moves in a small arc when a car tears hissing past."*

Moscow's Counterattack

Some time toward the end of that year, Matusow got the idea of writing a sensational book to be called *Blacklisting Was My Business.* Whether he realized it or not, a book of this sort, if its text could be strictly controlled, was just what certain people were looking for. The government's tireless investigation and prosecution of U.S. Communists had drawn blood—not only in the American party, but in the world movement of which it is a part, whose object is the destruction or capture of the United States. A counterattack was to be mounted, with government witnesses as the target. "Informer" was to be made a term of loathing and reproach. This important operation would be carried out by trusted Party members and agents, assisted by fellow travelers and Liberal dupes.

In January 1954, Matusow put aside his writing plans to testify in the Jencks trial, stating under oath that he knew Jencks as an identified member of the Communist Party. This was a repetition of testimony he had given some 14 months previously at the Internal Security Committee hearings in Salt Lake City, Utah.

After this, Matusow continued to look for anyone who would finance the writing of his book. It is understandable that he did not directly approach Party members, for they had expelled him, and as recently as the Jencks case he had done them a great deal of harm. Moreover, there were passages in the original outline of his book about the San Cristobal Valley Ranch, and other things, including espionage and the smuggling of arms, which the Party could not conceivably wish to see in print. Evidently Matusow now decided that he might find a sympathetic ear in Liberal circles, and tried to see various high-toned and important people, but seldom got past the outer office. Finally, in early 1954, he made contact with the stentorian Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, whose vanity and fatuity are not likely to expose him to the injustice of overstatement. The Bishop was happy to pass the word, in a public speech at Westminister, Maryland, in June 1954, that Matusow had consulted him twice and said he wanted to undo the harm he had caused by "all the lies I have told about people."

When this news reached Nathan Witt, attorney for Jencks and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, he took great interest in the possibilities it suggested. Letters passed between Bishop Oxnam and a Mine, Mill official named Rod Holmgren, who, like Witt, has always used the Fifth Amendment when asked about his membership in the Communist Party. In August the Mine, Mill attorneys filed a motion for a new trial, based in part on Bishop Oxnam's statement. They also got in touch with Carey McWilliams, an editor of the *Nation,* and made it known in other friendly circles that they wished to be told of anything bearing on a recantation by Matusow.

By September, Witt later stated, he and his associate John T. McTernan were telling each other it would be a very good thing if Matusow got the help he needed to write and publish a book. Soon they were in touch with the ideal publishers, the New York firm of Cameron & Kahn. These partners bear no resemblance at all to old Mr. Charles Scribner. Cameron, a veteran Fifth Amendment man, was vice president and editor-in-chief at the drowsy, traditional firm of Little, Brown & Co., which finally woke up and threw him out. Kahn, for years an unabashed pro-Soviet propagandist and hate-America pamphleteer, may take pride in the fact that two of his works were used as a means of torture for captured GI's who were compelled to read them in the prison camps of North Korea. His books have earned large royalties in many Communist countries, where the sale of printed matter is a government function. Indeed, it is hard to see any difference between most of his company's output and that of an official Soviet publishing house.

Such bookmen as Cameron & Kahn, and such lawyers as Witt and McTernan have everything in common and almost nothing over which to differ. So far as Matusow was concerned, they were in perfect accord. The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' treasury would be tapped for a $1,000 advance to keep Matusow alive while the book was being written, and Cameron & Kahn would see to it that when printed it would say what they wanted said. The publishers then located Matusow somewhere in the Southwest, brought him back to New York, and on October 26 signed him to a generous contract in which the royalties ran as high as 25 per cent.

Kahn was prudent in handling his author, and tape-recorded a number of conversations with him. Even so, one passage later backfired in a way which proved very unfortunate for Matusow. And when the book came out, now titled *False Witness,* it carried nothing about arms smuggling, espionage, or the concentration of Party members around San Cristobal Valley Ranch. What it did carry was a heavy warhead of propaganda: the book had Matusow saying that *in the case of every one of the people he had implicated, he had been lying.* He quickly followed this with affidavits taking back what he had said about Jencks and the Smith Act defendants.

Aid from Mr. Alsop

January was the month and 1955 the year that saw the initial impact of this literary blockbuster. Like any publishers, Cameron & Kahn wanted a good press, and the matter of who should have advance copies was delicate and important. Most of the names on the advance-copy list were what one would expect, given the character of book and publishers: Drew Pearson, Edward R. Murrow's Columbia Broadcasting System, the *New York Post,* the British *New Statesman & Nation.* But this was not all. Somehow Kahn got to Stewart Alsop, who agreed to give the *False Witness* bandwagon a friendly start in his syndicated column.

This, unhappily, was a tremendous *coup* for Cameron & Kahn and all that they represent. In Mr. Alsop, they had captured no writer for the dingy *New York Post,* but a top-drawer American with a fine war record (as a paratrooper in occupied

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France), whose writings had always been well-intentioned though sometimes not well-advised. In his usual impeccable prose, Mr. Alsop informed his syndicate audience that *False Witness* was "inherently credible," and added that "legal lying by such professional anti-Communist informers as Matusow . . . has been tolerated by all three branches of the American Government," and that "In writing his astonishing confession, Matusow may more than compensate for the harm he has done."

The Communist press and radio made immediate and world-wide use of Mr. Alsop's generously enthusiastic words. A typical broadcast was in English from Radio Sofia to the effect that "Stewart Alsop, no matter what his motives were, has revealed to world public opinion the abominable methods of American jurisprudence in framing progressives in the United States," and so on. And a large part of the U.S. press said much the same.

"Recantation" Discredited

Cameron & Kahn could now take a well-earned rest, for they had succeeded in casting doubt on all government prosecution of subversives, and would undoubtedly receive large orders for their book from official Communist sources all over the world. But for others, a period of intense work was beginning. Three grand jury investigations, in New York, Texas and Colorado, were set off. Two judicial inquiries, in the matter of Jencks, and the 13 Smith Act Communists, immediately got under way. And in Washington, the Department of Justice and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee started digging back into all that Matusow had said and done.

As we know, Matusow had mentioned 244 names before legislative investigators. Now the Department of Justice checked each name and found that *90 per cent of Matusow's imputations were borne out by the sworn testimony of other witnesses or by unassailable documents.* Of the remaining 10 per cent, not one person has come forward to demand reparation of any kind, although invited to do so by the Senate Committee. This is not surprising in view of the fact that, in spite of the uproar which follows their exposure of Communist tactics, investigative bodies of legislators are not courts of law: they hold no trials and pass no sentences.

The two criminal trials in which Matusow testified were quite another thing, and in those cases, the moment the affidavits were announced, attorneys for the defendants appeared before judges as promptly as if they had popped up through trap doors. To round off this aspect of the story we need only record that in the Jencks case the judge ruled, upon listening to the taped Matusow-Kahn conversations and examining other exhibits, that the recantation was incredible, and that Matusow was in criminal contempt for presenting it. Matusow beat that rap on a technicality, and Jencks, in turn, escaped when the Supreme Court made its remarkable ruling that his lawyers should have had access to the reports of the FBI. In the Smith Act case, the judge granted a retrial of two of the defendants. They were again convicted, this time, of course, without reference to Matusow's testimony.

The publication of Matusow's book and the release of his affidavits were timed and dramatic events. But the news that careful investigators had concluded that *he was lying when he said he gave false testimony* came out piecemeal and did not have nearly so great an impact. And then, too, some Newspaper Guild desk-hands have a way of putting such items back among the bowling scores. At any rate, a federal grand jury convened, shortly after the filing of the affidavits, to see if any crime had been committed in this matter in the Southern District of New York. They considered evidence put before them by Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Bolan, a youthful-looking, easy-going expert on criminal law.

Too Late the Fallerout

(Apologies to Alan Paton)

Once an egghead,
Smooth and bare,
Had instead
Much curly hair.
Too late he shouts:
—"Stop the fallouts!"

JOHANNES EFF

These jurors were especially interested in Matusow's statement, in his affidavit withdrawing his testimony against the Smith Act defendants, that he had been urged to tell lies by Roy Cohn, who was a government attorney at the time the case was prepared in 1952. The court had stated that this part of the affidavit was obviously "made of whole cloth." The grand jurors, after close deliberation, went further: they indicted Matusow for perjury because of the allegation about Roy Cohn. Matusow was convicted of this and sentenced to five years in jail. He will probably be out long before the truth has penetrated the public mind, for so thoroughly has *False Witness* confused the issues that most people think Matusow went to jail for giving perjured testimony about *subversives.* He did bear false witness—against an honorable officer of the government.

Mr. Siegel's Role

But the Matusow material was not all that this grand jury brought out, and that brings us back at last to R. Lawrence Siegel, the big civil-liberties and academic-freedom man. Siegel dealt himself a hand in the Matusow matter, so much is clear. Evidently the contact was made through the *Nation.* But just what Siegel thought he might bring about by this is still a matter of conjecture, in which readers may care to join as they consider the following facts:

In March 1955 Mr. Bolan found that Matusow had telephoned Siegel from Texas the previous August. It will be recalled that this was the period in which Matusow was looking for a publisher. But Siegel was willing, even eager, to explain all about his contacts with Matusow. He had talked with the young man, he said, as early as April 1954, and he claimed that Matusow had told him at that time that government lawyers had pressed him by incessant and suggestive questioning into giving false testimony. Furthermore, Siegel said he had dictated memoranda to record what was said at each of his meetings with Matusow.

The jurors asked to see the memoranda, which were duly furnished by Siegel, who eventually brought

(*Continued on p. 527*)

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Anti-Clericalism and the Italian Elections

Several articles have appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* dealing with the "rising tide of anti-clericalism in Italy." Whether such a rising tide really exists is difficult to ascertain but the fact remains that Communists everywhere are stepping up their anti-religious propaganda—propaganda which, as the East German example proves, is by no means limited to attacks on the Catholic Church. In the coming Italian elections, accusations of anti-clerical and anti-religious prejudice will inevitably play a vital role. The stage is set and is not subject to a last-minute change unless unforeseen political developments turn public attention in a totally different direction.

The Communist form of anti-clericalism is, of course, not the "real thing," because it is actually anti-religious materialism parading under the *mask* of anti-clericalism. The latter is a hostile attitude toward the real, or suspected, or even pretended "power of the clergy." Since genuine anti-clericalism is prevalent and respectable in wide layers of the Catholic world, anti-clerical slogans can prove extremely useful political weapons.

Fake anti-clericalism, whether of the Catholic, Protestant or Jewish order, which is the materialistic hatred for a supranatural faith, is so obvious an attitude that it hardly needs further elaboration. Still, it is always wise to cross-question the self-professed anti-clerical in order to see whether he rightly uses, or misuses, this label. Genuine anti-clericalism, on the other hand, is both a more interesting and a more subtle phenomenon. It is the hostility and rancor directed against the clergy and the hierarchy by a devout or, at least, religiously minded person. There are, in Catholic Europe, daily communicants who on the slightest provocation lash out against the clergy, and who will vote against a party if they can be made to believe that it is "clerical" or "dominated by priests."

To some naive souls whose historical and political education is limited, anti-clericalism seems reasonable in the light of "past events" or of "the general situation over there" (*i.e.*, in Europe). In other words, they infer from the smoke that there must be fire: that is to say, an autocratic clergy, a powerful Church, overbearing hierarchs, etc. They forget that man does not always react in rational proportion to his experiences: Comrade Tito-Broz, for example, whose ears were boxed by a priest when he was an altar boy, developed a Neronic complex against the Catholic Church. There may be a lot of smoke from a little fire, and vice versa.

Notions from the Past

Even if one pointed out to these good people that in most Catholic countries priests have no social influence, and live in poverty which is, in some instances, acute; that the laity today is rapidly gaining ground within the Church—even in the domain of theology; that the public or private reverence paid to the Church is negligible; that most priests are humble, if highly educated and rigorously disciplined, men who know that autocratic behavior on the Continent is doomed to failure; even then these people would shake their heads and seek justification for their views in times past. Was not the Church in the Middle Ages most powerful? What about the Inquisition? Wasn't the Church immensely rich only a few hundred years ago? Didn't the Emperor Henry IV have to do penance in Canossa? And today, what about the real power of the big Christian parties?

Yet the Church was always—to use St. Augustine's expression—*inops*, "helpless." The famous power of the Church, except as a vague aspiration, never existed because the Church in the service of the State is nothing but an agent. All the privileges she had could be revoked at the stroke of a pen. The Inquisition could be invited, established, or thrown out at will by the State. (The majority of nations refused to tolerate it.) Many popes in the Middle Ages had to flee their enemies, see their city sacked, their decrees defied. Gregory VII who, indeed, had once humiliated Henry IV, died in exile. The only truth concerns the wealth of ecclesiastic institutions *in the remote past*. There is nothing funnier than the visitor who marvels, with moral-social indignation, at one of those gorgeous cathedrals whose value runs into millions of dollars without realizing that the reigning bishop has an income no larger than that of, say, a young dentist. The big Christian parties, from Sicily to Denmark, would not dream of taking orders from hierarchs. They go out of their way to demonstrate their independence of the Church.

Nevertheless, anti-clericalism is neither new nor surprising in the European scene. Boniface VIII commented that there could hardly ever be friendship and peace between the laity and the clergy; and Luther, before turning against Rome, expressed himself in the same way. We have to look here for subtle psychological reasons. One of them is the egalitarian and anarchical undercurrent of all Catholic nations, whose people are impressed by sanctity and personal achievement—especially of an artistic or intellectual nature—but are basically irreverent and hostile toward any automatic assumption of authority and are easily plagued by "spiritual envy." In this respect the Catholic Continentals are fundamentally different from the peoples of the north of Europe, especially the British and those nations which derive their civilization and customs from them.

Anti-clericalism, obviously, is not a rational attitude; yet as R. L. Stevenson has told us, "Man is a creature who lives not by bread alone, but principally by catchwords." For better or for worse, anti-clericalism exists and it always plays a role in election campaigns when those who know little or nothing are expected to form opinions, and to reflect them in their votes. It will thus be a major issue in the forthcoming Italian elections.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Life: A Capital Asset?

Profit sharing is frequently offered as an answer to those who say the capitalist system cannot properly distribute its riches. It rides high as a favored method of "getting from here to there" in the effort to stop the drift to socialism. But if there is anything valid to the argument that profits should be shared, it implies that there is something radically wrong either with our economic definitions or our analysis of what constitutes title to ownership. Something here must be changed if profit sharing is to come into its own.

By standard definition, profits are the rewards of successful risk-taking; they belong, legally and morally, to the entrepreneur and the stockholder. If the company management chooses to "share" profits with the workers as a means of holding their loyalty or luring them into greater unit efficiency, it is merely granting a contingent wage increase as a matter of meeting competition. "Profit sharing," in this sense, is a euphemism for an incentive payment.

Since profits, by standard definition, are what is left for the owners of a business after the costs have been met, the only good moral way of cutting a worker in on them is to make him, somehow, a part owner of the enterprise. But management cannot do this arbitrarily without stealing from the stockholders. How is a worker to become an owner? No doubt there are a number of legitimate ways, depending on the concurrence of the present owners. He can be granted stock bonuses which are, in reality, contingent wage increases paid out in certificates of ownership. Or he can, at his own option, take part of his wage in stock.

This, however, is not what is ordinarily meant by profit sharing. Usually, profit sharing is a gift made out of affluence to prove the "progressiveness," or the good-heartedness, of the ownership. It is born, not of economic "right," but of a view to good public relations. And it is done partly at the expense of any dissident minority of stockholders.

The largesse notion of profit sharing is morally, if not legally, vulnerable as long as the standard definition of profit holds. If profits are a "right" accruing to ownership, then they cannot legitimately be taken for bestowal elsewhere. To get around this vulnerability, a Yankee engineer, Mr. E. S. Hall of 15 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut, suggests that ownership itself be redefined. Harking back to the days of the Merchant Adventurers, who sometimes shared out the rewards of a successful voyage among all those who had contributed either time or money to the venture, Mr. Hall argues that life can be "invested" in a project as well as cold cash. To Mr. Hall's way of thinking, a man "owns" himself as part of a business; he is a tool, a capital asset, as well as a user of tools. Man is, indeed, the "all-purpose machine tool"—and as such, he should be assigned a capital value commensurate with what he brings to an enterprise.

But if man, the all-purpose machine tool, deserves a "dividend," just how is that dividend to be measured? How much "life" equals how much money invested in stock? Mr. Hall's answer is simple: pay the worker a dividend each year on his annual worth as measured by his wage or salary. If the worker earns $5,000 a year, let him have the same "dividend" that is paid out to the man who owns stock worth $5,000 at current market price.

The virtue of Mr. Hall's idea is that it would maintain the present definition of profit as a reward accruing to ownership and still let the worker in on it. Moreover, Mr. Hall provides a "unit" for equating the investment of "life" with the investment of money.

Whether Mr. Hall's redefinition of ownership is in line with true justice or whether it rests on an indefensible verbal quibble might be argued to doomsday. But if we are going to have profit sharing, some way of grounding it in equal rewards for equal investment value must be found. If Mr. Hall's proposal sounds like just another scheme from the underworld of economics, it is less so than profit-sharing devices which rest on no comparable clarity of definition.

With an excess of zeal, Mr. Hall insists on tying his profit-sharing proposal to a broad scheme of tax reform and a suggestion for a complete overhauling of our standard system of accounting. His tax reform is a good one: he would do away with the tax on corporate profits and change the income tax from a "progressive" to a flat proportionate tax which would treat every man's dollars equally. As for his system of accounting, he would virtually compel corporations to pay out every penny of profit either in the form of cash dividends or in extra issues of stock. To companies refusing to accept this form of accounting he would deny the benefits of exemption from the corporation income tax. He would exact the same political penalty from companies which refuse to tie profit sharing to the worth of a man as measured by his annual wage.

By bundling up his several reforms in a single package and trying to sell them at one swoop, Mr. Hall sounds like a man who is out for Utopia in a hurry. Instead of seeking to persuade an individual corporation here and there to try his formula for giving equal rewards for equal "ownership," Mr. Hall insists on converting a majority of the House and the Senate in a single session to three things which would have a hard enough time politically even if considered separately.

Mr. Hall argues that his reforms would ground the system of free capitalism in justice. With economic justice pertaining across the board, he insists there would be no more strikes and no more impulse toward piecemeal socialism. Again, he sounds like a man who wants to reach Utopia overnight. If he would cut down his claims he might be more effective. But he has added something to the subject of profit sharing, and he should have his hearing.

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Luminous Common Sense

DAVID McCORD WRIGHT

This reviewer has always been handicapped by a prejudice in favor of reading books before reviewing them. In the present instance (*The Fabric of Society,* by Ralph Ross and Ernest van den Haag, Harcourt, Brace $10.00), the sheer bulk of the work has defeated me. I have not, to be honest, as yet read every word of this study. But the highest compliment I can pay the authors is to say that it is not lack of interest that has deterred me, and that I am anxious to complete the job.

But while I cannot answer for every page of Ross and van den Haag I have read most of it thoroughly and thumbed through the rest. A good deal of time has also been spent analyzing the book's basic structure. Let me say at once the study is well worth reading. The authors have attempted a coverage of the whole range of the social sciences. Their pages lead through psychology, sociology, a good deal (by side glances) of anthropology, scientific method, art, religion, economics and political science—all in the order named. Nor is that all, for many other topics, as pure philosophy, and the philosophy of history, for example, are also treated briefly or by implication.

A broad survey like this one is so badly needed, and the book itself is so interesting and contains so many very good things, that one hesitates to criticize. Nevertheless I am obliged to say that despite all its merits, and my admiration for the value of the authors, I do not feel that they have quite carried through their basic task. An "introduction" of the type here presented should, I submit, be one of two things: it ought either to be an impartial and reasonably *complete* survey of the field, *or* else it should present some basic thesis or interpretation—giving insight in *depth.* The present work does neither. The information presented is not cumulated and interrelated to any great extent and the result is more like a map than a building. And it is a map with some rather eccentrically distributed blank spaces. Why, for example, should Freud be featured in such detail and Adler neglected? In fact, the distribution of emphasis is sometimes quite arbitrary and there is often no very apparent pattern as to why X should be discussed and not Y.

We read this book, therefore, as a guided tour through a maze of interesting problems. But the reader has to remember that at no point can he be sure that he has been "shown" everything that he ought to have seen. The study, in short, is not so much authoritative as suggestive. Read with that in mind, however, it is an admirable job. There are naturally some boners. From the point of view of pure economic theory, for example, the first half, in particular, of the chapter on monopoly struck me as inaccurate and confused. On the other hand, the chapter on economic development (chapter 33) seemed extremely good. Van den Haag's style, also, has often a sort of gnomic, epigrammatic quality that sticks in the memory—even though the so-neatly compressed wisdom is sometimes a bit dubious.

Perhaps the best way to give the flavor of this anthology—for that is almost what the book is—is to go through it giving various striking bits. Let me say again I find far more to praise than to criticize. Perhaps the outstanding quality of the best parts of the work is a certain luminous common sense:

"Whether a man is psychologically healthy must be decided on a basis other than his wickedness and conversely his freedom from neurosis does not make him a good man in the moral sense. . . ."

"Nor does it help to define psychological health as 'maturity,' 'self realization' or 'ability to grow'. . . . Not that such phrases may not correctly describe behavior in individual cases but they lack specifity [sic]. . . . such formulations are worse than useless they are dangerous. Just as to the political fanatic opposition is always 'communistic' or if he is a communist 'fascist,' so to those addicted to psychologizing *any dissent from their views is neurosis.*" (Italics added) (p.38).

Again on page 60 de Tocqueville is quoted on an idea which has recently been repeated with even more emphasis by Dr. von Mises: "The hatred that men bear to privilege increases in proportion as privileges become fewer and less considerable, so that democratic passions would seem to burn fiercely just when they have least fuel."

On page 71: "Indeed the neighbor's grass is greener mostly because of the distance which adds color. . . ." And: "The belief that prejudice, hostility, and conflict are basically caused by ignorance and remedied by better acquaintance is itself an optimistic prejudice . . . Ignorance is more often the effect than the cause of hostility, and it is never a decisive cause. Judas did not betray Jesus because they were unacquainted."

On page 73 one encounters this bit of bitter-sweet cynicism: "If love is to flow inwards and to flow pure, there must be an outside that drains off hate."

The attitude of the authors toward religion can, I submit, best be summarized as one of puzzled nostalgia. Bertrand Russell is quoted on page 331 as saying "From a scientific point of view . . . we can make no distinction between the man who eats little and sees heaven and the man who drinks much and sees snakes." But

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on page 309 the dilemma of the non-religious man and non-religious world is summarized both accurately and with real feeling. Also in quite another section (p. 79), comes the following: "life untranscended, life as an end in itself seems to bore people into desperate and silly actions." Do we not catch echoes here of Ecclesiastes, "Thou hast put eternity into man's mind"? If the need is as widespread as all that, may there not be some transcendent reason for its existence?

And again, p. 109: "Naziism and Marxism were not due to lack of freedom. They seem more nearly reactions against the emptiness freedom revealed. To liberate is not to make people free."

Among these lofty bits it is depressing to find such an egregious claim (p. 111, footnote) as that "Keynes . . . contributed more to solving the riddle of the business cycle than any other contemporary." Is not Sir Dennis Robertson still with us—and many others? Did not Keynes call Robertson his "father" and Irving Fisher his "grandfather"?

Turning next to problems of sociology the reader will be intrigued (p. 159) with the following neat bit of synthesis on "role ambiguity." "Role inconsistency due to mutually inconsistent statuses held by the same person in different systems or groups is deeply disturbing. . . . a clergyman or professor, ranking high on the occupational and low on the income scale, differ only in degree of inconsistency from that of the negro doctor."

Still more on roles (p. 159). "Whether democratic or aristocratic, snobbery is the degenerate offspring of status ambition. The snob does not try to achieve a high status by doing what is required. . . . He tries to sneak into the high status by associating with those that have it."

On page 394 we encounter a debit item. The perils of statistics are well illustrated in the following statement: "An Alabama negro youth has a greater chance of going to college than a white youth born in England." True. But will the general intellectual level of the "college" for Alabama white or colored be commensurate with the English "public school"?

The chapter on economic development is so good one hates to cavil, yet take the following sentence (p. 459): "Yet in purely *economic* terms, most underdeveloped countries have gained from the presence of Europeans." Why do we have to confine the gain to economics? If political democracy is a gain, where did that come from?

One could run on indefinitely turning up striking bits, most of them highly favorable and memorable. But I hope I have said enough to persuade the reader to search for himself in what is surely a treasury—even if not always complete and not entirely golden.

Rotten First at the Head

E. MERRILL ROOT

Frank Harris wrote: "Nations, like fish, go rotten first at the head." The epigram states the debacle of our day: our danger lies most in the intellectual and spiritual decay that infiltrates education, art, philosophy, religion in America. In all these spheres intellectual nihilism causes spiritual vacuum: that vacuum of vapid despair lusts to fill itself with any creed: the fashionable creed of the hour is the petty, secular opiate of material security and social amelioration. Thus nihilism is always the first milestone on the road to Communism. *Not Christ—but Caesar! Collectivism in the Churches,* by Edgar C. Bundy (Church League of America, $5.00) discusses the ways in which our so-called religious "leaders" (especially in the Federal, National and World Councils of Churches), abandoning transcendental faith and spiritual reality, have, in the vacuum of their souls, sought to substitute material panaceas and social adjustments for religion.

Major Bundy believes that the beginning of collectivism lies in the denial of the metaphysical, the transcendental. He quotes David Easton, *who glories in this as a religious advance*:

> It is clear that Marx's attack on religion is primarily an attack on supernaturalism or other-worldliness which is indifferent to human needs and development. His [Marx's] views are quite in harmony with humanistic and naturalistic philosophies of religion . . . in this respect, as well as others, Marxism and democracy and a liberal religious faith are one.

Easton is candid in stating this eulogistically; Bundy is right in quoting it critically. For this is the crux of our religious debacle: all who abandon metaphysical, transcendental Christianity will eventually substitute the ecclesiastical bread and circuses of the "social gospel." In their decay of faith, the ecclesiastical "leaders" (as Dostoevsky said in *The Grand Inquisitor*) succumb where Christ prevailed, bow down to the Lord of This World, and seek to "turn the stones into bread." At once they have to deify *the State* (Caesar) as the mortal god of man's idolatry. They cry: "Not Christ—but Caesar!"

Bundy shows how this works. He quotes verse and chapter: out of their mouths they convict themselves. The Federal Council of Churches is his *Diabolus ex Machina,* the "intellectual leaders" of the churches are the wilful perverse men who use positions of power, spokesmanship, centrality, to condition, color, bewilder, bullyrag less powerful ministers and acquiescent laymen into ideologies they would loathe if they understood them. (This does not absolve ministers or laymen: reason and conscience should have led them to unseat these Old Men of the Sea.) As in education, the arts, and the other fields of cultural subversion, it is the "leaders" and self-styled "intellectuals" who are the New Lucifers, leading, in their pride of brains, the revolt against God.

Bundy, in his researches, dredges up odd fish!—a Rodger Lyons (then Director of the Religious Programming of the Voice of America), product of Union Theological Seminary, who did not believe it necessary to express a belief in God in his thesis; Ralph Lord Roy, the Little Lord Fauntleroy of the "liberals," a "fervid ecumenical promoter," running amok at the whisper of the "extreme Right"; various bishops, amusing themselves with business-baiting; religious bigshots whose yen

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is to cancel the Kingdom of God with the kingdom of man. It is a critique as shocking in its exposé of what passes for brains as in its exposé of what passes for religion in ecclesiastical circles.

Major Bundy sometimes forgets his central enemy, collectivism, in his distaste for "modernism." He does not always make it clear enough that, in the best of these misguided apostates, the generous hope of the eager heart has led the too credulous head to the road to 1984. His style is sometimes heavy.

But such minor flaws may be forgiven him for his major vision of how religion is being deflated and defiled into secularism, humanism, collectivism. He rightly hates the medley of cynicism about free enterprise and sentimentalism about collectivism, which is the pathology of religious "liberals" today. The mischief, of course, does not lie in the *hopes* of these men: peace, charity, abundance, fellowship, are the true prophet's goal always. But *mind must be realistic,* or we destroy the goal by the means. The Hebrew prophet rightly sought a world where each man should sit *under his own vine and fig tree.* The modern ecclesiastic betrays that vision by his insistence that all men must huddle under the vines of Caesar and the fig trees of Herod.

Major Bundy has done brave service in attacking the New Pharisees, the New Sadducees, of the entrenched ecclesiastical hierarchy. His strong, documented, devastating book should hasten the day of Lucifer's defeat and God's victory.

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The Passing Scene

Smoke Again and Live Again

JANE BUCKLEY SMITH

For some years now a spate of articles on the dangers of smoking have been appearing. The arguments expounded have seemed unanswerable—until I gave up smoking. Within a week the compulsion was upon me to rebut these twisted writings and to strengthen those confirmed smokers who might feel their terra not so firm.

We are told that smoking *may* cause cancer, *may* cause tuberculosis, *may* cause insomnia, nervousness, loss of weight, and a dulling of the senses of taste and smell. We are told that to give up smoking is to prove to others and to ourselves that we have will power.

This is a subtle mixture of half-truths and faulty reasoning, undoubtedly caused by the frustrations of the ex-smoker's recent life. He must in some way justify the self-imposed agony which he undergoes. But to the rational person, and in particular to one who has passed through a term of irrationality, the truth cries to be heard.

To give up smoking is to give up sleep. Never had I suffered from insomnia until that black day in January which marked the beginning of a black new year. I would go to bed early, searching for oblivion. Blissfully would I sleep—until 2 A.M. For three months, ninety nights, I spent the wee hours chewing my fingernails, swallowing pills, making lots of noise so my husband would awaken and show some sympathy. The third night he showed some sense and moved to the guest-room. I tried to mesmerize myself by repeating "I'm glad I gave up smoking. I'll never smoke again," but my id would echo back "I'm glad I gave up sleeping. I'll never sleep again." And id was right.

I have been nervous always and the thought of calming down was an important inducement. I was fair. I waited for several weeks to pass, waited for the poison to leave my system, for my nerves to become acclimatized. But the climate around me was definitely of a stormy quality and my nerves followed suit. My whispering children would be accused of shouting, my long-suffering husband of indifference.

Perhaps three months didn't constitute a fair trial. But then again perhaps three years wouldn't have done the trick either. You've got to look at both sides; and, for me, a glance was enough.

I believe every one of the literary ex-smokers (they are legion and compulsively literary) warns us to expect some weight gain. The crux of the matter lies in the definition of "some." In three days I had gained eight pounds, in two weeks fifteen, and by the end of three months, twenty-two. This might have been welcome had I been twenty-two pounds underweight, but, unfortunately, this was not the case. It seldom is. Those of my friends who were successful in avoiding me during my temperamental era, looked at me and exclaimed "Why, you look tremendous!" Scarcely polite but admirably frank—for those who find frankness admirable.

Then comes the argument that smoking is expensive. So are a masseuse and a new wardrobe. Since I couldn't afford the latter, doubtless because of my spendthrift smoking years, the only alternative seemed to be a return to maternity clothes. But ten months and no offspring later, public opinion suggested another solution. I must diet.

Which brings me neatly to this much advertised reawakening of your senses of taste and smell. Never before have you really been able to smell; never before have you really tasted food. But your new diet demands you give up tasting those tempting dishes whose aromas tantalize your nostrils. So you diet. For a week you starve. You step on the scale and find you've made progress. Instead of gaining pounds, you've only gained one. At that rate, with rigid dieting, your weight gain will be

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only fifty pounds the first year, a hundred pounds the next. . . . My math was never good, but any way you look at it, in two years you'll be a slob.

Those masochistic ex-smokers tell the truth. You have a new-found sense of smell. Your problem now is how to blunt it. But I won't dwell on my insomnia, on my obesity, on my sensitive smeller. These things are hinted at, but there is one thing completely ignored; the smoker's hack. You never realize how much you depended on it until you find it gone. Your family woke by its rumbling roar and knew the day was begun. It was the clarion emblem which identified you to others of your ilk. It was the one thing which made colds bearable, your impressive, tubercular blast which aroused immediate sympathy. No mere runny nose could hope to compete. As for the frustration of trying to cough deeply and failing—unspeakable.

Though your figure now suggests Aunt Jemima's and your expression Scrooge's, you can take comfort in your will power. You have developed a strength of character that astounds you. You get so used to denying yourself, you find yourself denying others with practiced ease. You feel smug about your new-found strength and, God help you, you show it. But it amazes you that others are not so vitally interested in your accomplishment as you are. In short, you find that even smoker's breath is more socially acceptable than smokeless you. Imbued with such a forceful character, you become impatient of those weak persons who preferred you weak. You withdraw into the bosom of your unreceptive family.

Perhaps I paint the picture too pessimistically. Perhaps I don't sufficiently stress the feeling of accomplishment which buoys you up the first week. Perhaps it's because by the end of that week the freshness has worn off and there are still fifty-one weeks left to live through. Then will start another year, and then another, each with fifty-two weeks. Suddenly the realization dawns that you have probably increased your life span by twenty years. Do not dwell on this.

At long last, after your mind has explored all avenues of escape, it will hit upon a certain release. You will realize that there was once a time, long, long ago, when things were not as they now are. Your clothes hung loose, you smiled, you slept. With happy resignation you will light a cigarette, inhale deeply—and possibly choke. But persevere. By the third one the past agony-laden months will seem as though they never were. Your zest for life will have returned, a shorter life, perhaps, but every smoke-packed moment sweetly savored.

And you can always use your over-developed will power to help you ignore the gibes of some of your friends. Unfortunately, though, you will soon find you have not escaped unscathed. It has been months since my return to rationality and I am still in the hands of a dietician, a masseuse, a dermatologist and a neurologist. I am well on the road to recovery but when the way seems overlong I light a cigarette, relax full length on a couch and watch the smoke weave slowly, smoothly, to the ceiling. In a few moments I have recovered my composure. I dry the perspiration from my brow and repeat ten times, "Today and every day I shall smoke. I shall never, never stop." With fervor.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Cloud of Unknowing, translated by Ira Progoff (Julian Press, $4.00). In the fourteenth century, an English monk wrote *The Cloud of Unknowing*. This was a do-it-yourself manual for those who sought to find identity with God. This descriptive is not used facetiously, for the book's purpose was to show a way divorced of any intercession by organized religion or special prayer. The deliberately anonymous author went far beyond adumbration of that delicate process whereby the initiate can attain an experience of God. He promised realization of the mystical belief that the eye which sees God is by its very nature the eye with which God sees us. This is perhaps heretical, for if man attains perfection by perfect unity with God he ceases to be man. Though Ira Progoff has made an excellent "translation" of the text—he skilfully replaces ancient vocabulary with one more contemporary to our thinking—he blurs this theological problem. In his introduction, he easily transposes the "state of unknowing" to the "subconscious" so dear to our times. Dr. Progoff is a depth psychologist—and a good one if the plaudits of Ashley Montagu, Harry A. Overstreet, and Aldous Huxley have value. This may be guilt by approbation, but Progoff's subtitle—"revealing the dynamics of the inner life from a particular historical and religious point of view"—and his comparisons with Zen Buddhism are more reliable indices. He forgets that the experience of God is not a substitute for the analyst's couch, a school for adjustment, or a blueprint for the Throne of Heaven.

R. DE TOLEDANO

Five Pens in Hand, by Robert Graves (Doubleday, $4.50). I am sure there is no living writer of comparable originality and invention who is one-quarter as productive as Robert Graves, and I am sure, too, that Mr. Graves would be the last man to disagree with me. In fact, the only note that gnaws (and only faintly) in this new collection of his verse, reviews, stories, essays and lectures, is the frequency with which he reminds the reader of just that. Having defiantly exiled himself from London and all its cliques and claques over twenty-five years ago, he now makes so persistent a point of reminding us of his triumphant survival that I wondered if, along with his many virtues, he hasn't been cultivating a small vineyard of sour grapes as well. If so, he is still the winner, and his pique is only the Achilles tendon of a really heroic image his writing continues to reveal: if he is not quite the eighth wonder of the Mediterranean world, he is at least the Colossus of Majorca, and certainly the last survivor of an otherwise extinct species—the poet with an entirely, gallantly *free* lance.

R. PHELPS

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To the Editor

The Powell Case

Congratulations for your success in getting the grand jury to finally act against Adam Clayton Powell. It was a helluva fight, but your victory shows how powerful is the voice of NATIONAL REVIEW, and how important it is that this lone voice of sanity continue to be heard.

Philadelphia, Pa. EDWIN MCDOWELL

I often disagree with you, but I greatly admire your refreshing spirit. Note you are making progress with the Powell case . . .

APO, U. S. Army FIRST LIEUTENANT

Like thousands of your friends, I am with you in the investigation of the Powell case. You deserve lots of credit in exposing the holdback of prosecution. Keep up the good work for freedom of the press.

Washington, D.C. GEORGE H. PERKINS

I wish to express my indignation at Mr. Buckley's subpoena from Mr. Williams, as "violating" some amorphous law prescribing non-communication with members of a grand jury. This is a grave injustice, and merely represents the spiteful retaliation of small men who cannot brook interference in their incompetence . . . Regardless of race, creed or national origin, persons like Adam Clayton Powell deserve such deserts as they have received in due—though delayed—processes of law.

CHARLES E. WINGENBACK
Washington, D. C.

. . . Certainly one doesn't expect NATIONAL REVIEW to sway the country's course (all at once, anyway), but an intelligent, serious, witty and timely conservative publication of its stature had long been needed to play its part. And the reactivation of the Powell grand jury is an indication of what you can accomplish already . . .

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Banks, Bonds and Inflation

Although your editorial "O, Pioneer!" in the May 3 issue was okay in substance, it was not accurate.

Government bonds do not become money or, more exactly, the basis for money unless they are taken up by commercial banks. When banks take in the bonds they set up deposits to the credit of the sellers or else issue checks in payment. In either case new money is created and the money supply enlarged. The purchase of government bonds by private parties does not increase the money supply.

Wilton, Conn. WILLIAM RYAN

Their Anthem and Ours

The editorial, "Keep Seated, Please," in the April 26 issue, is fantastic! It advocates that at a performance of the Moiseyev Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, the audience should "stay seated when the orchestra plays the Soviet anthem," and that "Volunteer pickets should gird the Metropolitan every night, reminding Americans how to behave."

There is an old saying, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." In other words, would the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW approve if when the Philadelphia Orchestra plays in Moscow, the audience should remain seated when Ormandy plays the Star Spangled Banner? Of course, such discourtesy would never occur. . . .

Providence, R.I. JOHN STRETT

The Soviet anthem is not goose to the Star Spangled Banner's gander. ED.

The World Arena

Some are saying that the violence toward Vice President Nixon is just a show of jealousy toward a wealthy country. That is deliberately misleading. For generations England and America were wealthy and powerful and when [their representatives] visited the poverty-filled countries they were treated with great respect and friendliness.

This is a Communist-led and directed show of hate and we had better recognize its implications and stop playing Ferdinand against the raging Communist bull.

Babylon, N. Y. MABEL E. KAIM

Academic Axioms Examined

Lapsus Calami Freudianus by Willmoore Kendall in your May 17 issue contains some very interesting and illuminating theses of our Liberal brethren as expounded through one of their spokesmen, Mr. [William Warren] Bartley. Mr. Kendall wastes no time in exposing the absurdity of the claim that their type of university can accommodate *all* points of view.

How can an "educated" American say that those who argue that "democracy should embrace a value orthodoxy" are in fact arguing that "democracy be abandoned"? Jefferson and Lincoln would be interested in knowing that they were advocates of the abandonment of the democratic form of government. Mr. Bartley seems unable to make the distinction between ends and means or doesn't think it makes any difference.

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There are a couple other gems in the article. The quote from Professor Demos is good— ". . . the process by which the student finds his way back [from the woods] constitutes his education." The statement assumes that the student *will* find his way back. No doubt the professor did—he became a professor—but will they all be as fortunate? Secondly, it seems to make no difference where our boy comes out of the woods; and, on that basis, Karl Marx ought to equal St. Thomas Aquinas. . . .

Then we have Doctor Conant's proof(?) of spiritual unity in America—"almost every American believes that human life is sacred." I wonder what Americans do not so believe. But according to this reasoning, you could say that there is a spiritual unity between a prostitute and a young virgin, because both agree it is wrong to kill one's mother.

And so they go merrily along—these our intellectual betters. What was that Scholastic axiom? "*Nihil dat quod non habet*"? Yes, that's it, or to paraphrase in English, "Don't ask for wisdom from mental midgets."

Baltimore, Md. JOHN J. LENNON

TO THE AID OF THE PARTY

(*Continued from p. 519*)

in what purported to be the actual shorthand notebook. This seemed conclusive enough, and Mr. Bolan concurred with his superior, U.S. Attorney J. Edward Lumbard, when he ordered that the evidence of the Siegel memoranda be sent in to the court which was reconsidering the Smith Act case in the light of Matusow's affidavit.

At this point, something that had been bothering Mr. Bolan for quite a while suddenly came into focus. In his young days as a student and fledgling lawyer he had earned money by working as a law stenographer and he knew how a shorthand notebook ought to look. The book which Siegel brought in had allegedly relevant notes crowded into one page. Normally, a secretary would go on to another page rather than crowd the shorthand, which is very hard to read when not spaced properly. So it was suddenly clear: some one had put in these notes later on a blank page. When Mr Bolan pointed this out to his chief, Mr. Lumbard said, "Keep after it a little longer."

Back to the grand jury went Mr. Bolan, and eventually he drew from Siegel and his associate, Miss Hadassah R. Shapiro, an admission that fraudulent notes and memoranda had been prepared. The grand jury indicted the two, along with Martin Solow, an official of the *Nation* (for obstructing justice), who has not yet come to trial.

During the more than four months of the grand jury investigation, a dozen lawyers had paraded in and out on Siegel's behalf. When he came to trial he was represented by new counsel, the eminent New York attorney Barent Ten Eyck. Observers believe that in the five weeks of the trial, Mr. Ten Eyck may have set a record for courtroom verbosity in attempting to set up a defense against the established facts. Siegel's stenographer appeared for the prosecution, and it was admitted before the trial jury, as it had been before the grand jury, that Siegel and Miss Shapiro had cooked up spurious memoranda and notes.

But the defense maintained that there was a reason for these unusual actions. It had all been done to protect the names of certain Siegel clients, who had been present at the Matusow talks. One result of this plea was to reveal the name of a motion picture actress, which seems an odd way to protect a client. But whatever the members of the jury may have thought of this strange explanation, or of the character testimonials of Morris Ernst and Ernest Angell, who is high in the American Civil Liberties Union, they did not condone the perjury and obstruction of justice, and convicted both defendants. Miss Shapiro was not fined, but drew probation for one year, and also is disbarred.

And so the question of exactly what Siegel thought he was going to accomplish remains to some extent a mystery. Was he trying to draw attention from Cameron & Kahn? Was he trying to help Matusow in some devious way? If so, why did he risk going before a grand jury with such a rigmarole as he presented? Perhaps he was fooled by Mr. Bolan's mild and courteous manner, for it may well be that Siegel inhabits a grim world where courtesy is as rare as innocence or honesty. At any rate, among the participants in this deliberately tangled affair, only Siegel, Solow and Miss Shapiro, along with Matusow himself—all expendable from the Marxist point of view—have suffered. And when the principle of *cui bono* is applied, we see that every benefit has gone to the Communist Party, all along the line.

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